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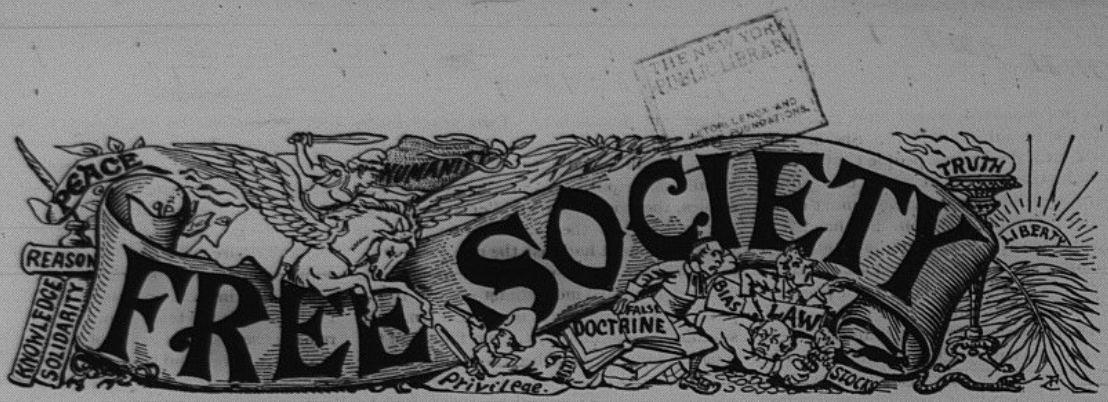


*A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.*

VOL. IX. NO. 21. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1902. WHOLE NO. 363.

### The Rejected Banner.

(THE RED FLAG.)

Flag of flame, tho linked with glory,
Clean of shame and rich with story,
Free of blame and misdeeds gory
Trail thou in the dust.

Till the right be hailed with gladness,
War and fight forgotten madness,
And the night fades with its sadness,
Trail thou as thou must.

Flag of flame, thy heroes slumber,
Without fame, in countless number,
Without shame, in peace they slumber,
Like thee, in the dust.

Sleep they still until the morrow,
Sleep they will, till crime and sorrow,
No more fill the world with horror,
Then thou will, rejected banner,
Be uplifted from the dust.

ROSS WINN.

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### Revolutionary Minorities.

"All you say is well and good," our opponents often remark. "Your ideal—Anarchist Communism—is admirable, and its realization would indeed signify comfort and peace on earth. But how few men desire and comprehend such condition, and how insignificant is the number of those who possess the necessary spirit of sacrifice that the realization of this ideal involves. You are only a small minority of weak and scattering groups, here and there, lost altogether in the great and indifferent mass, and before you stands a terrible, well organized enemy, armies, capital, and education at his command. In fact, the struggle you have undertaken exceeds your power."

Such are the objections of certain of our adversaries, and often also raised by our own well-meaning friends. Very well. Let us see whether the objections will stand the test. That the Anarchists compose only a small minority to those millions which populate France, Spain, Italy, Germany, etc., who will deny? But have not all aggregations, representing a new ideal, began with a small minority? Yes, it is very likely that we—as far as our organization is concerned—will remain in the minority till the day of revolution. But is that an argument against our ideal? Shall we for that reason embrace opportunism because the opportunists have at present the majority behind themselves? Is that reason enough to become opportunists ourselves? Till 1790, the royalists and constitutionalists were in the majority. Should the republicans of this epoch therefore have renounced their ideal and become royalists, until the abolition of the kingdom was near at hand?

The fact that we at present are still a small minority is in reality unimportant and insignificant. The question is not whether the number of adherents is small or large, but whether the ideas of Anarchist Communism are in accord with the evolution of the human mind, which at present, and especially among the Latin races, are developing. In this respect all doubts are removed. The tendency of evolution is not toward authoritarianism; but its consummation tends toward the freedom of the individual, toward producing and consuming groups, the free commune and free federation. Neither does evolution tend toward the property-loving Individualism, but toward joint production and consumption. In large cities nobody is scared by Communism when—mark it well—Anarchist Communism is in question. In the country evolution travels on the same road. And indeed, if we except some parts of France in which its populace developed under particular conditions, one must admit that the peasant has much in common with us, which especially becomes apparent when the common use of implements is observed. It is for this reason that we are everywhere, in the centers of industry as well as in the villages, met with approval, as soon as we explain our ideas to the great mass, whenever we talk to them in their own and comprehensible language, supported by practical illustrations, and telling them of the coming revolution.

And could it be otherwise? If Anarchy and Communism were nothing but the product of a philosophical speculation, coming forth from the shadows of a college room, verily, it would nowhere find its echo. But these ideas came forth from the people. They are the expressions of the worker, the peasant, of everything he thinks and talks as soon as he—sooner or later—discards traditional superstitions and begins to contemplate a better future. They are the expression of a long mental development, the expression of the large tendencies of the present century. Finally, they are the popular conception of the revolution which shortly will carry justice, solidarity and fraternity into the villages. Coming forth from the people, these ideas are readily accepted by the people, whenever they are presented in a plain, comprehensive manner.

Here in fact, rests the force of our ideas, and not in the number of their active and organized adherents, who are courageous enough to face all the dangers and consequences of the struggle which the participation in the work of the proletarian revolution involves. But even the number of the active followers grows daily, and the promulgation spreads, and on the day of insurrection this minority will become the majority.

* * *

History shows us that those who before the revolution were in the minority, on the day of uprising became the decisive power, provided they represented the popular strivings and when—and that is another essential provision—the duration of the revolution lasts long enough, so that the revolutionary ideas are given an opportunity to sprout and to bear fruit. Let us not forget that it is not a revolution of a day or two which we expect will transform society into Anarchist Communism. An uprising of so short a duration can overthrow one government and substitute another; it can replace a Napoleon for a Jules Fabre, but it cannot transform the foundation of a society. It may perhaps require a period of insurrection of three or five years to accomplish our revolution in the province of property relations and the mode of federation. It required five years of a permanent revolution—from 1788—to 1793—to wreck the system of feudalism and the power of kingkraft, and it will take three or more years to break the power of the bourgeoisie, the power of plutocracy.

In such revolutionary period, in which the mind works with extraordinary rapidity, when the whole world, in the cities of splendor as well as in the dark huts, exhibit great interest for public affairs; when people talk, discuss and try to convince others,—in this fermenting period the Anarchistic ideas, which are even now disseminated by the existing groups, will sprout and bear fruit, and implant themselves in the minds of the masses. Then will the indifferent of today become adherents of the new ideas. Such was always the course of new ideas, of which the great French Revolution is an example.

Certainly the French Revolution was not of such deep nature as will be the one of which we dream. Aristocracy was overthrown and the bourgeoisie substituted. The power of private property was not shaken; on the contrary, its authority was strengthened—it was the French Revolution that inaugurated the system of exploitation of the bourgeoisie. Yet the abolition of serfdom was a great thing. This came thru force, which proved itself more effective than the law. The French Revolution has cleared the way for an era of revolutions, which at short in-

tervals are repeated, which more and more lead to the Social Revolution. She has implanted into the French people that revolutionary instinct, without which the peoples of Europe would for centuries smart under the most painful oppression. She has left in the entire world a fertile stream of ideas for the future; she has awakened the spirit of indignation and given the French people a revolutionary training. If France in the year 1871 proclaimed the Commune, if she today accepts with joy the ideas of Anarchist Communism, while other people still wander in the authoritarian or constitutional period (already laid aside by France before 1848, that is 1789), it is because this nation went thru a powerful revolution at the end of the eighteenth century.

Now, let us remember what a sad picture France presented before the Revolution; let us remember also, how disappearingly small the number was which dreamed of the abolition of the kingdom and feudalism.

The peasant lived in such misery and ignorance, as we can today hardly picture to ourselves. Lost in their villages, without any relations with the outer world, not knowing what happened at a distance of twenty miles, these poor beings, following their plows with stooped backs, or lived in infected holes, seemed destined for eternal serfdom. A common sentiment was impossible, every disturbance was crushed by hurried troops, and the agitators were hanged on the eighteen feet high gallows standing near the well. We can hardly speak of those unknown propagandists, who roamed thru the villages to arouse hatred against the oppressors and awaken hope in those few individuals that had the courage to listen to them. The peasant hardly dared to beg for bread or for a reduction of the tithes. Just read the old records of the villages and you will be convinced of it.

What mainly characterized the middle class, was its cowardice. Only single, rare individuals sometimes dared to attack the government, and awaken the spirit of rebellion thru daring deeds. But the great mass of the bourgeoisie disgracefully bowed their heads before the king and his court, before the nobility, and its servants. One needs only read the records of the parliaments to be convinced of the low servility with which the words of the bourgeoisie war permeated. It was cowardice, the most unworthy cowardice that there is, which was expressed in their words, a cowardice that only in Louis Blanc and other toadies could excite no indignation. A crushing despair took hold of the few revolutionists of this time, as soon as they threw a glance at their environment. Camille Desmoulins correctly says in those famous words: "We were scarcely a dozen republicans before 1789."

But nothwithstanding, what a revolution of things three or four years later. Since the power of the kingship there the march of events was tottering, the mass attempted to rebel. During the whole time of the year 1787, it is the isolated, small peasant riots, as today the small strikes, that appeared on the surface of France; by and by they succeed in spreading, they become general, and it was hard to overcome them. Two years before one hardly dared to beg for a reduction of the titters (as today higher wages are demanded). Two years later, 1789, the peasant already goes much further. A universal idea then finds birth: "Full emancipation from the yoke of the nobles, the priests, and middle class property owner." Since the peasant realized that the government had lost the power to stifle his uprisings, he rebelled against his foes. A few determined individuals set fire to the palaces, while the great mass still remained submissive and in fear, till the flames of the burning mansions reached the clouds; before it was thought of to hang the tax collectors to the same gallows, which before had to carry the weight of the farerunners of the Jacqueries. But this time the army does not save to crush the uprising; it is busy elsewhere, the Revolution spreads from hamlet to hamlet, from village to village; soon half of France is in flames. While the future revolutionists of the bourgeoisie still fell on their knees before the king, and the great personages of the later revolution sought to dampen the indignation, inasmuch as they made concessions to the rebels, the cities and villages revolted a long time before the Assemblage of the Imperial States and the speeches of Mirabeau. Hundreds of revolts broke out in the villages (Taine counts three hundred of them) before those with pikes and some bad cannons stormed the Bastile of Paris.

Thus it became impossible to check the Revolution. Had this revolution broke out only in Paris, had it been only a parliamentarian revolution, it would have been drowned in blood; the troops of the counter revolution would have carried the white flag from village to village, from city to city and slaughtered the peasants and *sans culottes*. But luckily the Revolution in beginning assumed on entirely different character. It broke out in a thousand places at once; the revolutionary minorities in every village, in every borough, in every insurrectionary provincial city, strong in their boldness and the calm re-echo which their aspiration found in the masses, they immediately went about to conquer the palaces, the city halls, the Bastile; they terrorized the aristocracy and higher citizens, and abolished the feudal privileges. The minority enflamed the Revolution, and dragged the masses along with it.

* * *

The Revolution, whose approach we foresee, will take the same course. The ideas of Anarchist Communism, which today are advocated only by a small minority, but which more and more permeate the spirit of the people, will find their way into the great mass. However small the number of scattered groups may be,—powerful thru the support of the people,—they will be the first to raise the red banner of the uprising. Inasmuch as the revolt breaks out in a thousand places at once, it will prevent the re-establishment of any government, which would only retard the march of the movement; the revolution will last with all its vehemence till its mission, the abolition of private property and government, is fulfilled. On this day the minority of the present will be the people, the great mass, and this insurrection of the mass against private property and government will lead us to Anarchist Communism.—Peter Kropotkin.

**Criticisms on the Propaganda.**

If the comrades will pardon a few friendly comments on the methods of propaganda, I will deign to offer them. I write in the kindliest spirit, and having the movement at heart my words come spontaneously without any desire to offend anyone. Knowing some of my own shortcomings, and finding some faults in the words and work of others, I wish to stimulate an improvement. If my remarks be deemed worthy of serious consideration, all well and good. If not, they have been written in vain. My remarks are not inspired by any particular case, nor directed at any particular comrade. Most of what I shall say I am as much ammendable to myself as anyone else. It is not my province to dictate to any comrade how he or she shall conduct the propaganda, but the sacred right of criticism no comrade will deny me. I hold it to be every person's privilege to express his opinion in language of his own choosing. Yet I must question the efficacy of certain methods of propaganda, especially the propaganda of denunciation.

The Anarchist propaganda has never been at that level where it could be reasonably accounted sufficient to rail at the powers that be and shout, "To hell with the government; to hell with the law. I am an Anarchist, and don't care who knows it. Hurrah for Anarchy!" Such may arouse the coarse passions of the mob, the passions that deify men today and behead them tomorrow. Such passions had better be held in subjection until tempered and refined by the precious elements of Anarchist reason.

The elements of hate,—prejudice, jealousy, revenge, etc., have no place in the Anarchist mind. The counter elements of love,—comradeship, tolerance, etc., must rise uppermost in the human breast before we are fit for the life our ideal depicts. The former are the chief elements of the savage brain; the latter are the result of ages, countless ages, of associate life and elements upon which Anarchism is based. The logical tendency of the propaganda, therefore, must be toward the further development of those love elements, for on them alone depends the ultimate realization of Anarchy.

The present form of society is based upon hate. Hate begets force, which is government. Government, therefore, is the natural offspring of hate, and the chief enemy of order and Anarchy. Hate exalts the brutal, the cruel, and the strong above the refined, the tender, and the weak. Love equalizes all men and women and makes of them lovers, comrades, and friends. Hate is traceable back to the cave; love enshrines our ideal at the uppermost heights of human conception. Hate is of the past, love belongs to the future. Hate is slavery and death, love is liberty and life. Hate was and is, love is and will be. Hate conquers the bodies of the weak, love conquers the hearts and the minds of all.

If men are converted to Anarchism thru preaching the doctrine of hate, they are yet the same men, having changed only their creed; convert them thru the preaching of love, and you have transformed them. One Anarchist has a creed to which I would not conform, and he hates me, berates me, and calls me by some other name to which he has attached an odious idea, while another

will love me in spite of a difference of opinion, yea, maintain it my right to differ from him in a thousand ways without forfeiting his love and respect. Which of the two are the more commmendable, which the more worthy of the title Anarchist?

The man who hates is yet a governmentalist, no matter how loudly he may proclaim himself an Anarchist; for to hate carries with it the unavoidable desire to force thedo hated to do or not to do something which called forth the hate. The coming man and woman must not hate, must not have enemies. The doctrine of hatred ought not to be preached. If hatred overcomes hatred, of what are we the gainers?

Discontent is rampant. Nearly everybody is ill at ease with the present state of things. What is wanted to be preached is a basic knowledge of the cause of our discontent, and a presentation of the ideal of Anarchy. This can best be done by cool, not unfeeling, argument, rather than by fiery denunciation; for denunciation is never argument and can only be used where argument is wanting. The object of our propaganda must be to arouse men to think and reason by first overcoming their old prejudices. Damnation talk will never accomplish that end. It may destroy an old prejudice only by supplanting it with a new one; and nothing is gained thereby.

Anarchism is not a patent medicine that can be injected into people thru the pores of their hatred for the present order of things. Anarchy is a high ideal for cool, rational-minded men and women to ponder over, to reason about, and to absorb into their beings thru their warm hearts and thinking minds. To those minds, whipped into a frenzy of by fiery rage by the orator's word picture of the iniquity that surround us, Anarchism has no message. Only calm minds can grasp the message of Anarchism. Why, then, all this fiery denunciation? Is there not hatred enough in the world already?

I know how hard it is to restrain oneself at times in sight of the mountains of iniquity and injustice which everywhere abounds. But we must talk less, and read and think more, rather than mimic our favorite orators or writers, which some of us are wont to do. The propaganda will become a trough of mediocrated sop, unworthy of consideration of thinking minds unless we who write and speak in its name befit ourselves better for the task before entering upon our work of love. I do not mean to exclude anyone from the propaganda who feels he or she can advance the good work with tongue or pen. But I do wish to urge the youth to a deeper study of the fundamental principles underlying the philosophy of Anarchism, and to a better knowledge of the language in which they propose to work. Unless we give this important matter more attention the cause will suffer greatly, our own individual advancement crippled and Anarchism be deprived of representatives of its exalted ideals.

Intelligence directs all the great movements of the world. Ignorance and hate destroy nations and never build a hut. Knowledge must be our guiding star to the land of Freedom; and once we have gained her ennobling favors, we will not need to trust to "luck" and denunciation in the prosecution of our propaganda; and shall have learned what very poor weapons they are, Argument, logical argument, based upon fact and tempered with the soothing emotionalism called forth by the love of our ideals, will then be the lever that will move the world; and we will forge for mankind a strong band of love of comradeship that will bind us, one to the other, the wide earth round.

JAY FOX.

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### "Philosophic" Anarchism.

J. M. Clarke thinks it is time to acknowledge that there are Anarchists *and* Anarchists, some who *do* believe in assassinating tyrants, some who don't, etc. But suppose there are not? It is very much my opinion that there are not. There are, indeed, a few Anarchists, among whom Tolstoy is best known, who say they do not think fighting and bloodshed can ever be justifiable. But I apprehend that the distinction drawn on this ground between them and other Anarchists is really a distinction without a difference. Because what they say is abstract and metaphysical. Make it practical and concrete—ask them with which they sympathize as between Bresci and Humbert, Caserio and Carnot, Angiolillo and Canovas, etc., and you would quickly find them take the same view as other Anarchists. Contrariwise, if you ask any Anarchist whether he approves of assassination or rebellion, he will be apt, not only to answer in the negative, but to give reasons for disapproving. He will say that rebellion means war; that assassination means terrorism; that war and terrorrism are the methods of government, and cannot destroy government, tho they may, at least temporarily, substitute a more tolerable (which, in the long run is a more mischievous) government for a less tolerable (and therefore less dangerous); that the only weapon which can be expected ultimately to conquer war, terrorism, and government, is reason; that—*in hoc signo vinces*—victory by means of this is certain; while by flourishing red flags on the foremost barricade nothing can be expected, at least under very generally prevailing circumstances, but set-back and disaster. So much for the facts. Now for the application.

I perceive that some comrades credit me with a Machiavellian way of looking at things, which, from the standpoint of a revolutionary movement, is a very useful way. Assuming then the premises of Machiavelli, the two kinds of Anarchists may have been good stuff to talk when most people supposed Anarchists to be the members of a secret society which met in lager beer saloons and selected individuals to kill persons alloted for the purpose. But that view is *ausgespielt*. It has been abandoned by the multitude to lawyers, by lawyers to pencil pushers, by pencil pushers to preachers, and by preachers to our accidental president. Consequently it is not worth guarding against.

The facts about the two kinds of Anarchists being stated, how does the Anarchist with a book differ from the Anarchist with a bomb? Mainly, I conceive, in not being pushed to the wall. The Bonfield-Haymarket method is reliable for making a bomb-Anarchist out of a book-Anarchist.

We all know there is nothing so like an Anarchist as a Quaker. At the beginning of the slaveowner's rebellion there were a great many Quakers in Virginia and Tennessee (the mountainous part). All were anti-slavery and Union men; which is doubtless why the rebels hardly ever molested them—also why General Sheridan, under orders from General Grant, devastated their portion of the country with peculiar barbarity. One day, a reb., of the Colonel Ezekiel Vaughan type, came into a store kept by a Quaker, as to a good safe place for making himself disagreeable without correction. But he reckoned without, etc.—for, before he had blown off half his steam, the Quaker ordered him forth on pain of pedal propulsion. "What's that?" said "Colonel Vaughan." "I thought you Quakers didn't fight." "The sanctified don't fight," replied Ephraim, who had reached boiling-water heat, "*but I perceive that I am not sanctified yet.*" Exit "the colonel."

Machiavellian moral, to give those who deal with the philosophic Anarchist,—"Don't tread on me." C. L. JAMES.

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### Punishment.

If there is only one thing above all others that history has taught us it is that brutality cannot prevent crime. During the decline of the Roman empire certain crimes became so universal that the lawmakers deemed it high time to use extreme methods. But, altho the most terrible tortures were inflicted, those same crimes continued to increase down to the very end of Rome. During the middle ages and the period of the reformation, blasphemy, heresy, and other kindred crimes or offenses against the Church and against God were punished with a brutality and fiendish severity almost incomprehensible to free born [?? A. I.] Americans. Did this stop the offenses? By no means,—they flourished all the more. Violence begets violence. Cruelty begets cruelty. Show me a nation whose penal methods are particularly atrocious, and I will show you one where homicides and crimes of a brutal nature are very frequent. [As in this "free" country, for instance. A. I.] . . .

It is a notorious fact in this country, that a man with a large fortune or a high social position is seldom convicted, or, if so, he gets a comparatively light sentence. If he is willing to use money freely he can generally go scot free unless popular opinion is too strong against him. In short, if a man has enough money he can buy most anything, from a seat in the United States Senate to immunity from punishment.—Leo, in *Prison Mirror*, Stillwater, Minn.

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### LETTER-BOX.

*Stuffed Club, Denver, Colo.*—Why does your excellent publication reach us no more?

*A Lopatimer, New York City.*—Kindly send us your address. Your letter has unfortunately been mislaid.

*C. C. L., Ida Grove, Ia.*—The "recognition of private property" in land and other resources would require authority to protect such monopoly, which would not be Anarchy. The other question you will find answered in this issue, under the heading "What is Liberty."

*J. J. Cleveland, O.*—If the librarian of the Public Library will accept FREE SOCIETY, we will gladly send the paper regularly.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1902.


**363**

If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

## *Notice.*

Correspondents and exchanges will please take note that we have moved from 515 Carroll Ave., and change and direct their mail accordingly. Our new address is **331 WALNUT ST.**

* * *

Also all mail intended for LA PROTESTA UMANA should be sent to the same address.

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### Certain Comments.

The temporary suspension of *Discontent*, as the result of government machinations, has not in the least dampened the ardor of the comrades at Home. In Tacoma and Seattle, and thruout western Washington, the attempt to persecute the members of the settlement at Home has resulted in making friends for the community, and in advertising Anarchist ideas. The colony was never in so good condition as it is today.

The latest outrage, the removal of the postoffice, being altogether unreasonable and unprovoked, has set many people thinking. It is a fine object lesson of the tyranny of government, and of its hostility to progressive thought. There is not even a pretense of justice in the matter. The postmaster general, in response to inquiry by Senator Turner, informed him that the postoffice was abolished on the recommendation of Congressman Cushman, because there was no suitable person at Home for postmaster. In other words, we are to be deprived of our rights on account of our opinions. We must be subject to all the burdens and disabilities of government, without sharing the few privileges which it affords.

A few shallow would-be wits are wont to make merry over the supposed inconsistency of Anarchists in expecting to share in the facilities provided by the government. But there is no inconsistency in it. If the government would only take its hands off, we could provide all these facilities ourselves. The postoffice and other public services are but meager compensation for the injuries and inconveniences entailed on us by arbitrary authority. The government seeks to justify its existence, on the plea that it makes an adequate return for the curtailment of individnal liberty. It makes a contract, which it is bound to fulfil. Individuals who advocate the abolition of government form no exception to the general rule. The excercise of private opinion on their part does not place them outside the pale. Unless they commit what the constitution defines as an overt act of treason, they are entitled to every right claimed by any citizen. Any other conclusion is fatal to the governmental position, since even the full-fledged governmentalist will admit that government is a means, not an end, and that the people have a right to alter it when they desire. Those who are not actually in arms against it cannot legitimately be challenged, on account of their expressed wish that it were changed or abolished. A political inquisition is an indefensible monstrosity. The fact that this monstrosity actually exists, and that individuals are continually harassed on account of their convictions, substantiates the Anarchist contention that all government is misgovernment. It is impossible for power to be exercised with even approximate justice. The Anarchist knows that this is so, and knows why it is so. Hence the forces of organized greed hate him, and seek to crush him. They would force him to become party to a contract against his will, and because he protests against the injustice, would compel him to be subject to all the disadvantages of the pretended agreement, without sharing any of its benefits!

But there is more behind this postoffice matter. Cushman knows almost nothing about the people at Home. Nor has the postal department any other information of a reliable nature. C. L. Wayland, the postal inspector, official sneak and unscrupulous liar, who has several times visited the colony in the hope of making trouble, has never so much as spoken to more than eight or ten out of the hundred members of the community. He knows absolutely nothing of the character of the people, whom he has so infamously maligned. The postmistress very properly declined to act as spy for him, the rules of the office not requiring her to perform any such dirty work. Upon this, the filthy wretch, whose name should be perpetuated by the side of that of Comstock, his vile model, made a lying statement to the grand jury, about the postal privileges being "abused" by a group of Anarchists and free lovers. In the secrecy of the grand jury chamber, the dastard could retail falsehoods to his heart's content, safe from contradiction. His mendacious slanders prevailed on that long-eared body to recommend the abolition of the Home postoffice. This was before the trial of Larkin and Adams on the ridiculous charge of obscenity. It so chanced that the prosecuting attorney in that trial, to whom the course of Judge Hanford in directing an acquittal was a stinging and richly deserved rebuke, is the brother of Congressman Cushman; and the assault on our postoffice is his cowardly and dishonorable revenge for defeat. The rights of a whole community can be basely trampled in the dust to gratify the spite of a sneaking spy and the mortified vanity of a third-rate pettifogger. Of course, we shall keep at the matter until we get our postoffice back again; but it may take months, or even a year or two, before the requisite amount of red tape shall be fully unwound.

Meantime, the liberties of two of our members are in peril. Lois Waisbrooker, at 76 years of age, is a victim of Wayland's bestial instincts. He got his pet grand jury to indict her for obscenity, basing the charge on filthy imaginings of his own indecent mind. The article he cites is a plea for fair play to woman and high ideals in love. It takes a Wayland to find in such an article the "obscenity" which he himself brings to it. Outrageous tho the charge is, it must be vigorously defended; or we shall have the unspeakable shame of seeing this aged toiler for human rights, dragged to a felon's cell, to spend the last years of a life which has been devoted to active effort on behalf of humanity.

Mattie D. Penhallow, the other comrade under indictment, is the victim of as scurvy a trick as was ever hatched in the brain of a Wayland or a Comstock. She was the postmistress here, whom Wayland hated, because he could not get her to prostitute her office, by becoming a spy. Hence he devised the following scheme. After deciding to indict Lois Waisbrooker, he induced the weak or corrupt postmaster at Ballard, Wash., to write a decoy letter to Mrs. Penhallow, pretending that a certain Ballard subscriber to Mrs. Waisbrooker's paper had failed to receive the December issue, which was the number containing the article that Wayland's filthy mind pronounced obscene. It was intimated that her office was looked upon as at fault in the matter. The Ballard postmaster knew that he was lying, at Wayland's instigation, since the "subscriber," whether Wayland or a decoy duck acting for him, did receive the paper, and the wrapper in which it came was shown by Wayland to the grand jury. Mrs. Penhallow fell into the trap, procured a copy of the paper from Mrs. Waisbrooker, and enclosed it in her reply to the Ballard postmaster. This was what Wayland had foreseen and hoped for; and for performing this act of courtesy, the low-minded scoundrel had her arrested. That she cannot be convicted in a fair trial, is clear enough, since she had not read the paper, and did not know its contents when she mailed it. But Wayland, whose chief delight is in working malicious injury on his fellow men, will eagerly swear to any lie, and will leave no stone unturned in his cowardly crusade against womanhood. He has already lost the respect of all decent people who know him; and he will emerge from this affair, branded with an ineffaceable stigma.

All that is needed is money to meet the necessary legal and other expenses, that this cur may not be allowed to triumph in his shame. The comrades at Home are working hard in the matter, and have secured the same lawyers who did such splendid service in behalf of Larkin and Adams. In this case are involved the principle of free speech, the liberties of our two comrades and perhaps the life of one of them, and probably the restoration of our postoffice and a decisive end to the persecutions of the Home colonists. A clear victory will win the attention of thousands of people in Tacoma, Seattle and the country round, and will enormously strengthen the propaganda in western

Washington. Is it any wonder we are urgent in our appeal? We are poor in cash, and need help to make this fight. Contributions, small or large, will be thankfully received. Send all such to Oliver A. Verity, Home, Wash. Money orders should be drawn on the postoffice at Lake Bay, Wash. A little help from each will quickly meet the needs of the defense. But there is need of great haste, as the trial is set for July. I hope no reader will pass this by without some response. I shall be pleased to give any further information about this case, or concerning affairs at Home.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

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### Current Comment.

The world, and especially the United States, is upon the brink of a financial panic. Already indications of the aproaching collapse can be discerned by the close student of public affairs. The shrewdest among the speculating money kings are already quietly drawing in their investments, getting a good hold on their money, in preparation for the crash. The less informed and more reckless ones will go on for a few months yet, but gradually all will take alarm, and then a scramble to cover will precipitate the crisis. The temporary inflation of business, which has prevailed in this country particularly since the war with Spain, will prove a very great boomerang for the plutocrats, and especially for the Republican party. The spirit of revolutionary discontent will then receive a powerful impetus, for the people will be forced to realize that they have been badly buncoed by the false cry of prosperity. As a matter of fact, the "prosperity" has existed only as a figment of Republican assertion. The people are about to realize that they have the gold standard and the empire and their inevitable concomitant—slavery. A peck of trouble is brewing for Termagant Teddy and his imperialistic crew.

* * *

This is about the place to assure my readers that I am fully aware I am not writing up to the heading of these notes. I have ransacked the daily newspapers for something "current" upon which to "comment," but I have found nothing new. The world wages on without any special incident, and why should I bore you with a stale rehash of what was last week a repetition of the week before? I might tell you that a few more scandals in government have been unearthed in Washington; that fresh facts concerning the awful brutalities committed in the Philippines by our brave soldier heroes have come to light; that the British government is still murdering Boer women and children in the concentration camps of South Africa; that a few more victims of our industrial barbarism committed suicide this week, because they saw no other way to escape from poverty's hell; that a few more "mergers" and trusts were formed; that crime is still increasing; that the courts of the country are grinding out their usual grist of injustice, convicting the petty criminals and ignoring the larger ones; that capital, proud and arrogant, sways national and State legislation; that labor, sullen and discontented, is restless and rebellious; that the politicians are talking about the Porto Rico tariff; that the preachers are wrangling over the empty ceremonies and inconsequential stupidities of childish creeds; all this I might note and comment upon, but it is not worth the while. The mass of humanity is struggling forward blindly, busy with the small things, but Destiny, silent and grim, sits brooding with hand upon the switchboard, and we who watch her face, must wait. Something is going to happen before long. We cannot guess its nature, but it will happen. How do we know? Well, perhaps next week I can tell you. ROSS WINN.

—o—

### A Protest.

Comrade Winn's announcement that he intends to publish a paper under the name of *Winn's Firebrand* will not let me rest.

Too many almost hallowed memories are associated with the name of *Firebrand* in the minds of its founders, so I cannot refrain from suggesting to the comrade to choose another title for his coming journalistic venture. I am certain, even without having asked any of the surviving founders of the old *Firebrand*, that every one of them dislikes to see this name appropriated. The privations endured, the ceaseless labor, the any and all means employed by the few comrades to keep the paper afloat in the first years of its existence have endeared the name so much to us that we almost feel it as a sacrilege to have it resurrected with the prefix "Winn's."

The old *Firebrand* was thoroly Anarchistic and did not recognize the ownership of anyone; it was the comrades' paper, every reader had an equal interest in it, and the group furnished at the end of every year an expense account, for the information of all concerned.

Shades of Herman Eich and John Pawson, arise from your resting places and smite this fellow on the brain, who wants to appropriate as his own private property the banner we first unfurled to the breezes and storms of discontent, the banner which after many unsuccessful efforts on the part of others, has been the rallying point for the English speaking radicals in North America.

Ross Winn's *Firebrand!* How do you like that Mrs. Squires, you who named the baby before it was born? What is the matter with J. H. Morris', Henry Addis', A. Isaak's, Mary Isaak's, Chas. Doering's, and Mrs. Squires' *Firebrand?* Comrade Herman Eich, the reincarnation of Heinrich Heine, lost his life while canvassing for the paper, and our beloved John Pawson, alias "Bob Ingersoll," has disappeared.* The above mentioned comprised the old group.

The lack of originality on Winn's part surprises me. If he insists on going thundering down the endless lane of history as a publisher of a radical paper, why not give it a more euphonious name like "Winn's Winnowing," or "Vaporings," or "Wisdom,"—anything of that kind, but leave the *Firebrand* alone? It cannot be resurrected.

Mt. Tabor, Ore. CHAS. DOERING.

* Judging from the handwriting and private information, Comrade John Pawson is resurrected under the name of Carlos Candor, who makes "A Call to Comrades" in this issue. Comrade Dr. Giovanni Rossi, Blumenau, Santa Catherina, Brazil, to whom we wrote for information before we decided to publish the call, speaks in high terms of Carlos Candor, and tells us that he has been with us in Portland, Ore. A. L.

### What is Liberty?

I see from your answer to a correspondent that you do not believe in equal liberty. Now in contrast to equal liberty there is unrestricted or absolute liberty. Do you believe in that? And, while you are at it, would you mind telling me what you mean by liberty when you use the term? Then, perhaps we could enter into a friendly discussion on some points of vital importance to the understanding of WHAT IS ANARCHY?

Boston, Mass. A. H. SIMPSON.

What liberty means ought to be tolerably obvious. Any external restraint on the will is *minus* so much liberty. As no one's power is equal to his will, there can be no absolute or unrestricted liberty, if you come to metaphysics. But from the standpoint of social science, liberty is called absolute or unrestricted when limited by no human law; and thus presents a contrast to equal liberty, assumed to be established by law. Liberty, absolute or unrestricted in this sense, is what Anarchists believe in. The proposition that liberty should be equal, each person giving up a little of his own to form a combination for the purpose of repelling "invasion," is the theoretical basis of government, and clearly quite opposed to Anarchism. With the proviso that this portion of liberty surrendered by each individual should be the least necessary to repel "invasion," it might be, and often is, called Individualism; and is supposed by some innocents to be Anarchism. But the difference becomes clear as soon as we give the theory of Individualism a little serious study. The Individualist says it is "wrong" to "invade" others and "right" to combine for the purpose of preventing others from "invading" us. All that is metaphysical. It is an example of those propositions about Everything in General which are quite too general to apply, and thus mean Nothing in Particular. Take a case—ask who is to decide whether refusing to be vaccinated, singing a bawdy song, keeping a saloon—any common subject of penal legislation you please—"invades" the "equal liberty" of others, and is a proper subject for them to combine against: you will then see at once that the Individualist doctrine is just the general doctrine of government *plus* a mild indefinite recommendation not to govern oppressively. Then it is not Anarchism. The true Anarchist is not a metaphysician. He believes in liberty as absolute and unrestricted as entire absence of government can make it, not because he has any dogmas about right and wrong, invasion or non-invasion, equality, egoism, altruism, or anything else speculative and incapable of being tested; but because he is not, like the Individualist, afraid of his own logic, and because experience teaches him, as it also does the Individualist, that the more there is of restriction, human law, trying to fix it so that everyone will have equal liberty, giving up a little liberty to combine for the purpose of preventing invasion, and so forth, the worse off we are. The worse that is, not in the metaphysical sense of being less happy, for no one knows anything about that, but in the practical sense of not getting those particular things we pretty well agree to want, such as plenty, peace, cheap and easy

settlement of controversies which admit settling at all, but especially moral culture—energy, ability, self-reliance, training in the way we should go. The only way to make sure of having equal liberty is to make sure that all, except the kind gentleman who takes pains to prevent our getting ahead of each other, have precious little. The Kilkenny cats had equal liberty while they were suspended over the clothes line by their tails. They were better off when the dragoon cut the tails and let them run, tho one might perhaps scare the other from the back fence thereafter. C. L. JAMES.

—o—

### A Call to Comrades.

Comrades! I herewith send a call to all of you: irrespective of sex, nation, or opinion! All you who are tired of making propaganda *only* and consequently are desirous of tasting at least a part of the good things of this earth in your own time of life: who wish to realize in part or in full an ideal mode of living—come to me in any way you can! The afterward is assured.

Philosophizing and theorizing never filled an empty stomach, put a coat on a naked body or helped humanity a bit to enjoy life and the things of this world. Let us put preaching aside for once and practise instead. We all have done enough of the former to know what it amounts to. Ah! if all these ages, all had practised as much as they preached, in what good condition would we live! But is it already too late? I think, better late than never. What do we achieve by continuing in the old style? The answer lies before your vision everywhere. Where is our gain? I for one will not any longer sail on this tack which only gives pain and no reward. I am in for another; one that will lead me into the right course, at the end of which lies the natural port the whole human race have been looking for all these ages. Those who go with me derive the same benefits that accrue to me, in our joint undertakings. But should no one go with me, well then, I shall go alone. You thereby lose a comrade; whereas I lose you.

Now, what inducement can I offer? By working and producing as well as I do, I can guarantee independency, sufficiency and ample diversity in all life's necessities, freedom from oppression and last but not least, enough spare time to enjoy life and some of the good things of this world, for you all, including the future welfare of your children.

Here is an outline of the prospect in view: I have 3000 acres of flat and hilly woodland, about one third of which is cleared, one half of the latter stump free, ready to be put under the plow, this being a rarity, as not one farmer of the coast range of this State has more than ten acres of plow land.

It also contains pasturage and hundreds of different fruit trees, mainly orange, bananna and cuajaba, as well as dozens of other kinds of fruit trees. This land lies on the bay of Sao Francisco, the most beautiful, the largest and deepest bay on the east coast of South America. The climate here is very healthy, productive and stable; nearly all fruits, grains, plants and vegetables of the temperate and semi-tropic zones are cultivated here. I have a number of large, massive stone buildings (the main one being two stories), fitted out as follows: nine living and one dining room and one kitchen. A large, rice stamping and cleaning mill; meal and grist mill; coffee stamping and cleaning mill; a distillery; a sugar house for the making and refining of cane sugar; other parts to be fitted out as a malt factory; a large wine factory with immense storage cellars; a granery and large grain and fruit dryers; a large attic for ripening of bannanas; ample stables for cattle, hogs and poultry, and a good sized frame house at the wharf used as a ware house, and lastly a building fitted out for a retail store. I have the greatest water power in this part of the coast—sufficient for four water wheels of from six to eight metres in diameter, one half to one and a half meters in width. The best drinking water, the finest scenery, land and location imaginable.

Cosmos colony is reached in a three hours drive and in a half hours' crossing of the bay by ferry from Joinville, a town of 7000 or 8000 inhabitants; or in a two and a half hour's sail from Sao Francisco, the best and largest and most important port in South Brazil. Inhabitants, 3000 to 4000.

My intention is to conduct only such industries as the place is already fitted up to carry on, and such new ones as will need little capital to start, and that require little work and bring large profits, and ready sales here and abroad. For instance, the drying of bannanas, the making of wine and champagne of same, distilling of essential oils, fruit preserves and marmalades, extracts of coffee and mangue, vanilla, cocoa and their preparations; mangue leaf-drying and grinding and the fabrication of tannic acid from the fresh leaves. Fish and large shrimp canning, tobacco planting and preparing. These products are mainly designed for exportation. A saw mill to utilize our valuable timber will also later on, not come amiss. Farming, gardening and all appertaining to these, just enough for our own consumption. The profits of the sold products to be partly used in the buying of more land and machinery, the building of houses, and as a reserve fund. As yet more land can be obtained very cheap, adjoining mine.

Those who care to go in for gold digging will have an opportunity close by, but I cannot undertake to say how great would be their findings. What I have, however, and which is certain to be in the future very remunerative is an extensive porcelain clay field and asphalt pit. If enough capital could be arranged to utilize the former for the manufacture of porcelain ware, it would be the grandest as well as the only industry of its kind in the whole of South America. Another remunerative article of exportation are our orchids which are very numerous and variagated in this part. In fact it is a natural flower garden, a paradise for botanists and other naturalists; for no part of the world has the amount of beautiful birds, bugs, barbeletas and other insects, harmless and high-colored.

A great advantage to the future success of Cosmos colony is its location, in the midst of an ignorant population (natives), Joinville, Blumenau, etc., being mainly inhabited by Germans, with a few country settlements of Italians, Hungarians, Poles, and Russians. There are no other Europeans here. North Americans only one—myself. All the roads of this State lead within a half an hour's ride of Cosmos, and a railroad, whenever one is constructed, must do so. All steamers (thru Buenos Aires and Bara) Hamburg, Bremen, and English steamers also frequent this port.

It will be seen, with these chances, opportunities and inducements held out, that Cosmos once settled by energetic, willing-to-work comrades, even without money, must be a success, as all causes likely to effect a failure, are either removed or have never existed. Should a failure after all happen, it can only be the fault of the people. What is most needed here is willing working hands. Of course, comrades who can come with a little cash are very acceptable. If not willing to add it to the general fund, they can have shares in the business stock if so desirous (any round sum taken) receiving at the end of each year their part of the dividends in proportion to the amount invested.

Having in my opinion amply set forth for anyone who may take an interest in my offer and project, its advantages and benefits, it remains only to outline roughly the different possible ways and means each inhabitant might arrange his or her mode of living, working, and diversion. 1. Communists of all phases can enjoy Communism in its full sense. Can have separate housekeeping in a single house, communal property. Can enjoy land to be bought and paid for with money. 2. Individualists of all phases can enjoy Individualism in its fullest sense in separate houses without land. Can enjoy separate houses with sufficient land bought with money. Individual's products (labor) will be bought and paid for in either money or goods. Both Communists and Individualists can have money shares in the general stock.

Another good feature is the independency that individuals of the feminine sex can realize in the preserve and fruit industry, which, if there are a sufficient number who so desire, will be left entirely in their hands; besides the gathering and cultivating of different aromatic flowers. From four to five millreis a day on the average can be realized, possibly more.

I myself hold that men and women should have equal rights in all things, including assembly and intercourse. Full freedom in speech and action, each one tolerating the same in all others. In Cosmos there can be no restriction, force, censure, or war, disputes and jealousies, as every one has the chance and opportunity to arrange everything to his individual liking.

Consider, and act, comrades; for I am alone in this vast State, and you can judge how lonely I am. The fare from New York City, or any of the large European cities ranges between $40 and $50.

Letters for further information in any European language, will be answered in the same.

Note: I herewith warn all worldly wise theorizers and philosophers, not to waste their paper, pen, and ink and little brains in criticising this call for comrades. I am not in need of their wisdom and certainly no

one else is. They can use their powers to a better purpose, and I can use mine in better work than in answering their criticisms. I shall not do so on any account.

CARLOS CONDOR.

Colonia Cosmos, Joinville, S. Catharina, Brazil. Poste Restante.

—o—

### A Plea for Mrs. Craddock.

March 17, Mrs. Ida C. Craddock, a woman of education and refinement residing in New York City, was sentenced to the city prison on Blackwell's Island by Judges Hinsdale, McKeon and Mayer, for selling one of her books called "The Wedding Night" to a detective.

Such a verdict is one of the boldest assaults on the freedom of the press that can well be imagined. Mrs. Craddock believes she has a mission in life to give the people instruction on a subject of the most vital importance to the human race, and in the book she discusses the sex question in a way to arouse all the venom of that self-appointed censor of the morals of American people, Anthony Comstock, who determined to crush her if possible.

Mrs. Craddock is well known in England, where she was employed at one time by Wm. T. Stead, the famous British journalist. On hearing of her arrest, Mr. Stead at once wrote her a letter commending her for the work she was doing, and with the letter came a ten pound note from the writer, to help her pay the expenses of the trial.

She was also defended by Rev. Ransford, but the opinions of these noted men counted for nothing with Judge Hinsdale, who, in passing the sentence on the woman, declared that "I have never before known of such indescribable filth. . . . We consider her a danger to public morals." I think I may safely assume that the readers of FREE SOCIETY will consider the judgment of the brilliant journalist and famous clergyman of greater weight than that of an unknown judge, who has used his power to send a woman to jail for uttering words of wisdom and warning to the rising generation. And I think they will also agree with me that the battle for a free press is far from being won, so long as such outrages can be perpetrated.

Provincetown, Mass. J. T. SMALL.

—o—

### Liberty.

How is it that men lose their liberty and become slaves in civilized life? As a rule this loss is a result of their own shortcomings, their indolence, their supineness, their recklessness, their pride, their avarice and their fondness for display. They begin by conceding a little to those whom they accept as their representatives, and it is a short and easy matter after that. These benefactors are soon transformed into masters and oppressors—so it always is and must be. It is dangerous to give gifts, and still more dangerous to accept them. Where little is given at first, much is demanded shortly after. So it is and has been in all the processes and transformations of government in the past. We begin by entrusting our business to others and putting ourselves in their power,—the most dangerous innovation that was ever permitted by man. The only safe rule in this world, is to deal with everybody courteously but cautiously, and to keep him always at arm's length. So far as practicable in daily life, trust nobody, make no promises or contracts, and assume no obligations of any kind. Thus and thus only can you continue to be your own master.

The growth of power and the increase of despotism has come from the same source in all countries and at all times—it always comes from small beginnings and from harmless concessions at first. Usually something is done from a sense of duty, in nine cases out of ten something to please the Lord, and we make some man our agent, our representative. We come to look upon him as our benefactor. This man in the course of time becomes our master, our governor, our king. Ten thousand times this bit of history has been repeated in the past of this world—first a servant, then an agent, then a representative, then a protector, and finally a monarch or master.

And then people are so proud of masters! They regard them as *their* masters, and the splendor that they behold around them as *their* splendor. It is all theirs—their palaces, their army, their exploits, their renown. Well, these things do belong to the people, and they might well be proud of them, for they pay for them with their own toil and with their own blood. Unfortunately people can become accustomed and finally indifferent to anything, even to a despotism. People who are born under a despotism cannot conceive of any better condition of affairs than that which they find in their own country. That is the advantage that tyrants always have. People never like a change and so they are content to go on and suffer indefinitely. J. WILSON.

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### "Philosophic" Anarchism.

In the last number of *Discontent* Friend Morton defines coward as "one who deserts his colors in the time of danger." How about one who does not dare to ever show his colors? Is cowardice not equally shown in failing to ever advocate the better as he understands it as in desertion afterward? Is he who openly advocates "obedience to law while it exists" a courageous, manly advocate of "absolute individual liberty," especially when all present methods of effecting changes in the law are to an Anarchist utterly objectionable? Again he says: "Every propaganda has those who attach themselves to it from good reasons" (philosophic?) and "those who do so without sufficient reason." Who is to be the judge of "good" or "sufficient" reasons or reason? Is there an absolute "good" or "sufficient," an increate *per se?* "Anarchy is something more than a creed." Well, then, must it not be somewhat deed? We are told that the "philosophic Anarchist may draw ten thousand erroneous conclusions, and make a million mistakes in action"! Well, it rather seems to me that "philosophic Anarchism" needs doctoring! "Our interloping comrade [does a nom de plume logically denote the quality of the writer?] says that it is absurd to claim that we obey the laws because nobody does obey all the laws," and Comrade Morton adds, "Nobody disobeys all the laws." The true Anarchist, as I conceive, does not really obey any law, he only fails to disobey it in letter. Obedience is conscious designed conformity. Every Anarchist is, I judge, more or less philosophic, in fact every one has to some extent "rationalized thinking." Is not all thinking somewhat rationalized? Let us be more anxious to live truly our ideal than to concern ourselves whether the people shall regard us as "troublers" or not. A true man will drive all else but individual betterment out of his inspiration to action, well knowing that manhood lifted up will be magnetic of unmeasured blessing to the world. J. M. CLARKE.

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### Here and There.

The Swiss republic still does police service for the European monarchies. Comrade Morandi was wanted by the Italian government and the republic obeyed.

Near Bare, Italy, 5,000 peasants burned the revenue houses and finally stormed the courthouse in the city.

Bolschanoff, the Russian rebel who shot the minister Sipiaguin and has been sentenced to death, utterly ignored the farcial court proceedings and did not reply to any questions. But when he was asked whether he had any accomplices, loudly proclaimed: "Yes, certainly, the Russian government."

Dr. Skarvan, an ex-military doctor of Austria, now living in Switzerland, refused to pay his taxes and sent the Locarno municipality the following letter:

"If I was sure that the money collected by the government would be employed for a useful and moral purpose, I would willingly pay double or threefold the amount the government demands from me. But I know that the Swiss government—like any other government—rules by violence, maintains its assassins called soldiers and a regiment of useless officers, builds prisons for the men led astray, helps the rich and oppresses the poor, supports the priests who falsify the Christian truth,—for these and other reasons I would commit an immoral act if I would pay only a centime of tax without protesting, and I will yield only to force."

Comrade Emma Goldman delivered her lecture on the "Modern Phases of Anarchism," to a large audience in Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, May 11.

One comrade was run out of town from Monroe, La., because he had distributed a number of copies of the pamphlet "Roosevelt, Czolgosz, and Anarchy."

Comrade Kropotkin's "Memoirs" have been published in the French language by P. V. Stock, Paris, under the title *Autour d'une Vie.*

—o—

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| | |
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Home, Wash., May 12, 1902. O. A. VERITY, Tr.

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## *History of the French Revolution.*

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